

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1577—June 11, 1949

TWO MEN ON TOP OF THE WORLD

The Epic of Mount Everest

JUST 25 years ago two brave men, an Englishman and a Scot, climbed to immortality on the topmost peak of Mount Everest. Mallory and Irvine reached a point higher than any other human being has reached on foot, probably 28,230 feet. But nobody knows what befell them when they vanished for ever into the mists on June 7, 1924; and nobody knows whether they died with their task unachieved, or with victory won.

George Leigh Mallory, who was 37 and a schoolmaster, had been on two previous Everest expeditions. He was one of the world's finest mountaineers. Andrew Irvine, big, powerful, and always cheerful, was only 22 and had just got his Oxford blue for rowing. He was an enthusiast who had a flair for tinkering with mechanical things, and was never so happy as when inventing some gadget to improve the oxygen apparatus they carried for the last assault.

Climbing Everest is always a battle to beat the monsoon. The men of the expedition knew that their predecessors in 1922 were trapped by its breaking on June 1, when seven native porters were killed in the resulting avalanche; and the 1924 party started early in May to establish their base and camps from which the final assault was to be made.

Ill-Fated Start

The first attempt seemed doomed from the start. A blizzard at Camp III (21,000 feet) drove most of the porters to a state of collapse, for they had carried loads for five days through wind and snow, and were at one time reduced to uncooked barley for food and one blanket apiece. One porter broke

a leg in a fall and had to be carried back to base, two other men were taken seriously ill, and Shamsher, a native cobbler, died from frostbite. Retreat was necessary, but this was a grim blow to the morale of the porters on whom the expedition was dependent for stores higher up the mountain.

Second Attempt

Eventually they gathered fifteen men who were fit and could be persuaded to make a second attempt, and by June 1 had established Camp IV properly on an uncomfortable ridge of rock. From Camp V (which consisted of a couple of tents at 25,300 feet) Norton and Somerville made an attempt on the summit and reached over 28,000 feet. But exhaustion and snow-blindness made them turn back on June 4.

They had come perilously near disaster, and it seemed as though further attempts must be abandoned. Mallory did not agree. His throat was troubling him, but he would make one final attempt with oxygen, and he would take the eager young Irvine with him.

On the 6th Mallory and Irvine set off in perfect weather with

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Dave Would be a Diver

TREASURE SEEKER

DAVE CURTIS, of San Francisco, forgot to mention his age when he wrote to Falmouth Chamber of Commerce, saying he was a "deep sea diver" wishing to finance a hunt for the recovery of gold and silver bullion aboard galleons sunk off our coast 400 years ago.

He was taken very seriously until it was discovered that he is a 13-year-old boy. The information about the sunken treasures tallied so much with both fact and legend about it that it sounded like the description of an expert. Dave had picked it up from an informative children's adventure book.

However, the authorities have taken it all in good part and promised to show Dave the wrecks of sunken ships if ever he comes here, and it is even said that he might do it yet, with his spirit—and a few more years!

Children's Gift For Princess Margaret

AN album depicting life in New Zealand has been presented to Lady Freyberg for despatch to Princess Margaret. Intended for presentation to Princess Margaret during the Royal tour of New Zealand, the album is the winning one of a competition open to all Junior Red Cross groups in the primary schools of the Dominion.

About five inches thick, and handsomely bound by a Wellington craftsman, the album consists of several pages of photographs of children doing physical training, and nearly 200 pages of water-colours and black-and-white drawings. It was compiled by a South Island school.

The water-colours illustrate many phases of New Zealand life—exports and imports, flora, Maoris, health posters, and scenery. Facing each picture is a description or a verse. All the work in the album was done by the children themselves.

Many competitions similar to the one which produced this album are run in the schools by the Junior Red Cross to provide albums to send to branches of the Junior Red Cross in all parts of the world, with the object of promoting good will.

NO BEDSIDE MANNERS

THERE was consternation in the hospital in Calvina, in the Karroo, when without warning a large elephant appeared in a ward, waving its trunk. It ambled to the bedside of a patient, took orange peel from the side table, smashed glasses and crockery, and then continued down the ward while the patients shrieked.

A surgeon, with great presence of mind, then took up a couple of oranges and enticed it from the ward. The elephant had escaped from a circus.

How!



Greetings to a young rider in Hyde Park, London, from Os-ke-non-ton, the Mohawk Indian Chief, who recently came to this country to sing in Hiawatha.

Ordeal by Coal and Fire

A PAIR of pied wagtails made their nest in a Wembley coal stack. This strange choice of a home is the more remarkable because men had to work on the heap, at one time getting to within a yard of the nest.

Then more coal was added, about 10 tons being flung on to the stack shovelful by shovelful, but the birds would not budge, in spite of the vibration.

The men were as careful as possible and the "cave-dwelling" was saved from collapse.

The parents birds had their reward, however, for five vigorous fledglings were hatched out. They clumsily scrambled over the summits of the coal dumps, incessantly demanding their

rations, and father and mother were on the wing all day, maintaining the food supply.

FIREMEN who fought a fire at a cottage in Ruckinge, Kent, had to pull down part of the wall at the back of the chimney, and when they inspected the other side they found a blackbird still sitting on five eggs in a nest built on a ledge that they had been removing.

The wall was hot. The firemen had been playing water on the wall. Even when the firemen came near the blackbird did not fly off. And when they left, the bird was still placidly sitting on her eggs.

MR KNICKERBOCKER'S BREECHES

AT a recent reception in London an American professor appeared in the dress of an early Dutch colonist of New York. He was Professor J. J. O'Brien, the Secretary of Public Works of New York City, and in this costume, portraying Father Knickerbocker, he presented to the Lord Mayor of London an illuminated Scroll of Friendship.

The word knickerbockers has had a strange history. When good Harmen Jansen Knickerbocker left his native Holland and sailed to America, some time before 1683, he little realised that his name would spread throughout the English-speaking world to describe an article of dress. He settled near Albany, New York State, and his descendants became very influential people in the colony.

In 1809 Washington Irving wrote a book called Knickerbocker's History of New York, the author of which was imagined as one Diedrich Knickerbocker. Thereafter the word came to be used to designate the proud descendants of the early Dutch settlers. Now those early Dutch settlers wore capacious and baggy breeches, and in the last century a fashion came in for boys, cyclists, and sportsmen to wear breeches called knickerbockers. Thackeray wrote that "knickerbockers are surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these 100 years."

Many of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, when they were little boys, were proud on the day they were promoted to wearing knickerbockers.

LONDON MERRY-GO-ROUND



Toddlers at a day nursery enjoy a game of Ring o' Roses by the busy Waterloo Road, London.

HOLLAND SHOWS THE WAY New Coalfields For Britain

With characteristic patience and perseverance the Dutch people have been making excellent progress in restoring their devastated country. Here our economic correspondent briefly reviews the recent achievements of this industrious nation and their contribution to our post-war world.

THE war caused terrible damage to Holland. From the air raid on Rotterdam to the desperate struggle round Arnhem, destruction befell her homes and factories. Furthermore, the defeated German armies pierced the dykes to let salty sea water inundate pastures and fields.

But the Dutch did not let despair take the upper hand. They forthwith got down to work, imposed severe rationing, started the factories, closed up the dykes, sweetened the salty land, rebuilt bridges, ports, and railways, tried to export as much as possible, and generally did all in their power to improve their situation.

They have not laboured in vain. Today, four years after the grim days of May 1945, the country can look back at considerable achievements.

Rationing of food—which is now more plentiful—is maintained because Holland wishes to export as much food as possible. By so doing she is helping Britain and other ERP countries to secure a varied and useful diet.

Prodigious Effort

Holland has always been famed for the quality of her agricultural and horticultural production; it was natural to restart farming. What is more interesting (and of great significance to Western Europe) is that Holland has at the same time been making a prodigious effort to change the whole economic structure of the country from a predominantly agricultural to a more evenly-balanced industrial and agricultural basis.

Now such a transformation is one of the most difficult tasks a nation can undertake, especially if the pace is quick. In Russia and in some East European countries similar changes have indeed been taking place. These were, however, accompanied by a low, if not a reduced, standard of living, and stimulated by propaganda.

Not so in Holland. There, without much talk and without the imposing of undue hardships on the people, a great industrialisation plan has been introduced and, so far, successfully carried out.

Actually this plan is an extension of manufacturing into new

fields, for Holland has long been a nation of skilled craftsmen, a modern example being the great Philips Works at Eindhoven, which specialise in electrical and radio products. Now Philips have begun to investigate atomic energy.

On the whole, the old-established Dutch industry was based either on upgrading and refining the great staples—food, tobacco, and oil as they were passing through the country's ocean gateways; or on producing small quantities of high-grade industrial goods, her great technical schools showing the way.

Industrial Progress

Today Holland is rapidly becoming an important industrial power. She is producing great quantities of agricultural machinery, metal-working and textile machinery, vehicles, and a great range of household articles.

The change is due to the rapid rise of Holland's population, especially in country districts. Although every effort is being made to settle the new generation on the polders, as the recently drained areas of sea bed are called, even Dutchmen cannot work quickly enough to give all would-be farmers their plot of land. Hence the effort to create new industries, and so provide more employment for the citizens. Holland's success should hearten all Europe.

THE EPIC OF EVEREST

their oxygen kit and a handful of porters. On the following day they established a precarious Camp VI, from which their porters returned with their last message—an apology to their comrades for leaving the camp untidy when their cooker rolled down the slope at the last moment!

Another of the expedition, Odell, the geologist, followed

COAL is the most important part of our island's material wealth and it is encouraging to hear that new stores of it have been found.

Two new coalfields have been discovered in Staffordshire. The larger of these has been revealed by boring operations at Madeley, in the north-west of the county.

Under this neighbourhood it is estimated that over 20 million tons of coal lie waiting to be won in the 400 acres that have been explored. It will be some years before coal is produced in quantities there.

The other newly-found deposits are under the other side of the county and lie between the Cannock Chase and the Warwickshire coalfields. Their presence was first discovered by means of a deep bore-hole sunk at Whittington Heath, near the cathedral city of Lichfield. Under this area it is possible that there are 300 million tons of coal.

No Eyesore Here

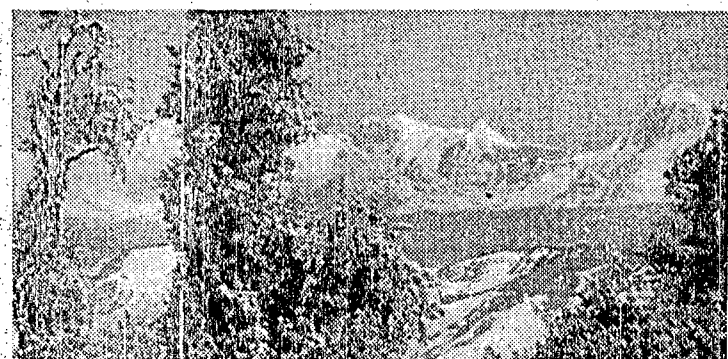
Happily, the development of this second new coalfield is not likely to interfere with the charm of a town which has changed little since Dr Johnson was born there.

The new mining village and pithead constructions will have none of the ugliness of the old coal-mining districts, for "it will be an opportunity for us to show the country what a pit should really be like," recently said Sir Ben Smith, of the National Coal Board.

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Breathing was so difficult that it was impossible to take more than a few steps without rest—about thirteen paces was the limit. It was difficult to get any sleep at night above 27,000 feet, and if oxygen was used it meant, of course, carrying heavy cylinders.

Odell searched for his comrades, but in vain, and they never returned to Camp VI. Whether they slipped on the



Mount Everest, recently photographed from a height of 9000 feet in Nepal. The centre peak is Everest, the mountain on the extreme right (Makalu, 26,790 feet) appearing loftier because it is closer to the camera.

Copyright NGS by National Geographic Staff Photographer Volkmar Wentzel

them and was the last man to see them alive. Whilst he was at Camp VI the mist cleared for a while and he saw two tiny figures in the distance on the last step but one from the final peak. That was at 12.50 p.m. and he estimated that they were then within 800 feet of the 29,141-foot peak of the "Goddess Mother of the Mountain Snows."

The strain of climbing at that altitude is tremendous. The men had to force themselves to take the trouble to prepare food for which they had no appetite.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

C N HANDWRITING TEST

A list is being printed of the names of all prizewinners in the C N National Handwriting Test, and a copy will be sent to every school from which entries were received.

The Silver Cross has been awarded to Patricia Lorraine Pridham, aged 13, of Auckland, New Zealand. She is a member of the Belmont Girl Guide Company and gained her award for rescuing three children from drowning. She also attempted the rescue of a fourth child but was unsuccessful.

Australia has placed an order with Britain for railway engines and rolling stock worth £2,655,000.

Mr J. D. Derry has received the Segrave Trophy for 1948 for his 100-kilometre closed circuit record flight of 605 m.p.h.

Better Banana

It has been announced in Jamaica that a new type of banana has been produced. It is resistant to both leafspot and Panama disease.

Bayan Vedide Pars, a leading Turkish woman educationist, has been studying girls' education in Britain.

Tourists will soon be able to visit Germany.

Milk sold from farms in England and Wales during April amounted to 135 million gallons—15 million gallons more than in April 1948.

TAXI!

Simon, a London spaniel, jumps into a taxi if he is tired when out for a walk by himself. He refuses to move and the driver has no alternative but to drive to the address on the dog's collar. Simon belongs to the owner of a taxi-service.

The war memorial at St Giles's Hospital, Camberwell, London, is a broadened panel into which each member of the hospital staff has sewn a stitch.

60,000 Wheels

A Birmingham firm has received an order for 30,000 bicycles from Hong Kong.

The Pope has proclaimed 1950 as a Holy Year. The last Holy Year was 1925, and the Pope has said that it is the particular intention that 1950 should mark the beginning of a return of the whole of humanity to Christ.

At Last

Mrs E. Faull is the first woman alderman to be elected to the Liskeard Council, Cornwall, though a council meeting was first held in Liskeard 709 years ago.

A bowler who has to wear a steel corset to protect a displaced spine recently took seven wickets for no runs in a cricket match in South London.

Two grandsons of Sir Rowland Hill have presented to the Post Office a collection of silver—presentation pieces given to Sir Rowland for his great work of postal reform.

BOB-A-JOB'S BEST

The Eagle Patrol of the Woodland Troop, Blackburn, earned the most money—£19 18s—during the Boy Scouts' "Bob-a-Job" week. Second were the Bulldog Patrol of the 19th Hendon Group with £15 7s.

"Honesty Boxes" for uncollected fares are to be installed on buses in Lowestoft.

The Cornwall Scout Badge has been awarded to Francis Langridge, aged 15, of Ruskington, Lincolnshire, for his amazing courage during his 2½ years of suffering. He has undergone 36 operations.

SJETLAND SHOAL

Several hundred whales recently paid a visit to Lerwick Harbour, Shetland.

A mobile cinema used for teaching road safety in Norwich was once a Black Maria.

Crowds at Hampden Park Football Ground are to be controlled by police wearing tiny radio receivers attached to their belts.

Schoolchildren in remote parts of Wales will soon have an opportunity of seeing touring museums—sent for their benefit from the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.

Art "Special"

In order that Lancashire people may see the two great art exhibitions at the National and Tate Galleries in London, the Arts Council have arranged for special trains from Manchester and Liverpool on Saturday, July 2. Lectures on different aspects of the exhibitions will be held in both cities beforehand.

Yale University has been presented with the receipt for the first foreign loan ever made to the U.S. It is for "the sum of 500,000 livres, money of France," and bears the signature of Benjamin Franklin.

A U.S. Navy flying-boat recently carried 308 men on a 500-mile flight—a record.

Rise For Robert

Policemen are to receive more pay, at a cost of about £4,000,000 a year, half of which will be paid out of local rates.

At Ringsfield Church, Suffolk, a robin is to be embroidered on a linen Bible cover to commemorate the robin which has been sitting on a nest of six eggs in the lectern.



The Elgin Marbles, stored in an Underground station for safety during the war, have been replaced in the British Museum.

A woman is leading a Swiss expedition which is exploring peaks in the Kinchinjunga area of the Himalayas.

The winning road-safety slogan in an Acton competition was "Always look, all ways."

Cattle-ranching is to be established in Tanganyika by the Overseas Food Corporation in addition to the growing of groundnuts. 50,000 acres about 25 miles from Kongwa are to be used as a grazing ground for cattle.

A Toy Drum of Long Ago

AMONG the many interesting things to be seen at the Antique Dealers' Fair in London is a pathetic memento of a little 18th-century boy. It is a toy drum the bottom of which consists of a legal document of parchment which was written about 200 years earlier. But on the parchment someone had added words and dates which show that the drum was bought for a boy who died before he was five, and that his parents had kept it as a memento.

The Antique Dealers' Fair is at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and is open until June 24.

It is estimated that the objects of art displayed there, all of which date from before 1830, are worth about £4,000,000.



Jennifer's Pride

Eleven-year-old Jennifer Lloyd grooms the pride of her father's kennels near Ickenham, Middlesex—Tracey Witch of Ware, supreme champion of last year's Cruft's Dog Show.

Newspapers Wanted

HAVE you a newspaper produced by the British or Allied Forces in either the First or Second World War hidden away in one of your cupboards? If so, it may be the one that the Imperial War Museum at Lambeth is looking for.

The Museum intends to have the finest collection of its kind in the world. The librarian has written to all parts of the globe in an effort to trace some of the rarer specimens probably tucked away with other war souvenirs. Copies of papers like *The Triangle*, issued by the 3rd Division B.L.A. and single typewritten sheets produced by small units, as well as prisoner-of-war magazines, are required.

PICTURED HISTORY

THE Highland Light Infantry have recreated and recorded the regiment's history in a colour film called *Proud Heritage*.

Most of the film was made in Scotland. The beach at Irvine in Ayrshire was used for Mersa Matruh, the Culbin Sands of Moray for Tel-el-Kebir, and the Battle of Assaye was re-fought near Port George in Inverness-shire.

STAMP NEWS

ITALY will issue a special postage stamp to mark the centenary this year of Garibaldi's declaration of a Roman Republic.

JUNE 17 is the 82nd anniversary of the birth of the Australian poet and writer, Henry Lawson, and a 2d stamp has been issued in commemoration. The design has been based on an etching of Lawson by Sir Lionel Lindsay.

CANADA has issued a set of stamps in honour of the King's birthday, and a commemorative stamp will also be issued to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the founding of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE centenary of the death of Mohammed Ali in November will be marked by a special Egyptian issue.

THE first anniversary of the establishment of the State of Israel is honoured by a miniature sheet of four stamps.

GOOD FRIEND TAM

TAM, a pigeon which lives in John Brown's Clydebank shipbuilding yard, believes in the adage "share and share alike."

Every morning, until recently, Tam waited alone for the canteen food store to open. Boldly he would enter and perch on top of a box until he received a handful of peas and beans.

Of late, however, he seems to have adopted two young pigeons for he led them to the door of the store. They waited outside. Tam went in but he refused his usual ration of beans, and then kept flying from his box to the door and back, as if he had a message to deliver. The good lady in the store followed Tam. She saw the two small pigeons and threw them some beans.

Now Tam dines on top of his box as of yore, but he never starts until his two protégés have had their beanfeast.

Southern Rhodesia's First Miners

AN amateur archaeologist of Southern Rhodesia, Mr O'Neill Williams, has formed some interesting theories about a race of little Stone Age men who, he thinks, sought gold in Southern Rhodesia probably long before even the mysterious Zimbabwe buildings were erected.

Stone Age implements which might have been used by these miners were recently found near Salisbury by some native brick-makers. These implements were two stone hammers and three chisels. The hammers were perfectly symmetrical and about the size of cricket balls, one made of white quartz and the other of granite.

Mr O'Neill Williams thinks that these implements were used by little men because their workings, which he has discovered elsewhere, are too small for a modern man to enter.

MUSEUM PIECE

BERGEN's shipping museum is to have a British one-man submarine added to its exhibits. The vessel, which was sunk by the Germans in October 1943, has just been raised from the bottom of the harbour where, together with three others, it had attacked shipping.

JUNGLE SAVERS

SOME schools have "Squirrel" Savings Clubs to encourage thrift, but a school in Somerset has gone a stage further and has established "Jungle" Savings teams.

The school is Stratton-on-the-Fosse Junior, and its Animal Savings Groups has four competing teams known as Lions, Tigers, Leopards, and Monkeys. Each team has its own Savings Captain, and the achievements of these jungle savers are recorded on the School's Savings indicator by cardboard animals cut out by the children.

Britain has now 27,200 School Savings Groups through which 1,670,000 children save.

A Railway Jubilee

SIERRA LEONE's railway, which was opened in 1899, is the oldest in British West Africa. In honour of its jubilee the Governor, Sir George Beresford-Stooke, is planting a special commemorative tree in the grounds of the railway compound. He will also unveil a plaque on which is mounted the number plate of the first locomotive to be used on the railway.

The inhabitants of Sierra Leone are proud of their railway with its thirty-inch gauge. Its main line, 227 miles long, connects the capital, Freetown, and Pendembu. Altogether there are 47 stations on this line, but some of these are "flag" stops, where trains stop only if a wave of a flag indicates that a passenger is waiting to embark.

Soon a brand-new engine will be plying along the line. It will be named Jubilee.

ENGLAND'S GARDEN PATH

A PROPOSAL for a public footpath right through Kent from the Surrey border to Sandwich Bay is contained in the outline plan for the future development of the county.

Called Kent Path, for some of its 40 miles it would follow the traditional route of the ancient Pilgrims' Way.

Entering the county north of Westerham, the footpath would follow the North Downs round to Halling on the Medway, where walkers would cross the river by ferry. The path would then continue for about 21 miles along the North Downs to Eastwell Park, where it would bend north-eastwards to Chillingham Castle. Here walkers would turn eastwards and, leaving Canterbury to their left, make for Sandwich Bay.

This route would enable thousands of people to enjoy some of the most beautiful scenery in England's historic garden county.

The Aborigines Had a Word For It

THOUGH Australian Aborigines are decreasing in numbers, they have left their hallmark for all time on the language of Australia, and the world.

A C.N. correspondent who has been studying an aboriginal dictionary has sent us these interesting notes.

Canberra means "meeting place"—an appropriate name for the seat of the Australian Federal Government. Katoomba, in the Blue Mountains, means "falling water." There are some spectacular waterfalls near by. Parramatta is "head of the river," where, in fact, this ancient town is.

The word boomerang is aboriginal. It is what is called an onomatopoeic word, that is to

say, it sounds like the sound or voice of what it represents. This, indeed, is the underlying principle in most aboriginal words or names.

Kangaroo comes from the language of a tribe in north-east Queensland, and was adopted by Captain James Cook to describe the strange yet now familiar marsupial mammal which he saw for the first time at the Endeavour River.

Koala—popular in any zoo—was the aboriginal name for "native bear." Wallaby and Dingo are aboriginal names, too.

It is good to think that this race that knew Australia thousands of years before white men discovered it, has helped to create Australia's vocabulary.

THE TEENAGE MAYORESS

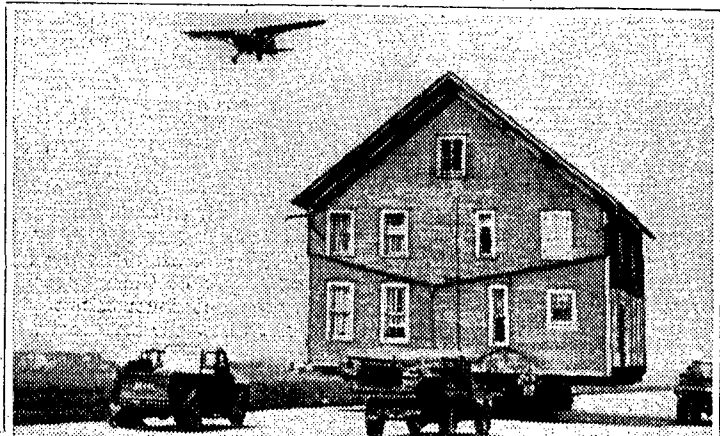
BEXLEY, Kent, has a nineteen-year-old shorthand-typist as Mayoress—the second teenage Mayoress since the war. She is Miss Sheila Welch, of Welling, whose mother is Mayor of Bexley.

Three years ago Sheila's schoolmate, Jean Owen, was Mayoress of Bexley when only 13. They live in the next street to each other and went to the same school.

For Europe's Children

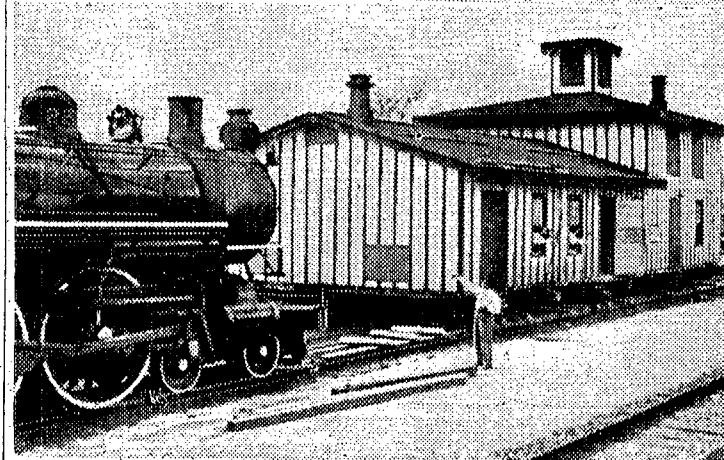
INTERNATIONAL Help for Children have acquired a house near Farnham, Surrey as a convalescent home for sick and undernourished children from Europe. The children spend three weeks in the home and then go for two months to live with English families in other parts of the country.

About 20 German children have been in the first group, and they will be followed by 25 Italians, and later, it is hoped, by French, Belgians, and perhaps Greeks.



MOVING DAY IN USA

Moving buildings bodily is by no means unusual in America. In these pictures from Chicago a ten-roomed house is being towed across an airport runway (above), and a station is being pushed along the rails to another site at the Railroad Fairgrounds (left).



ERIC GILLETT SAW AT THE BATH ASSEMBLY . . .

Children's Films From Many Lands

At the Bath Assembly last month Children's Entertainment Films organised an International Festival of films, and it has been fascinating to contrast pictures made by European nations specially for young people.

Most European countries have concentrated on making films for very young children, from five to eight. The British and Russians (who were pioneers in this field 15 years ago) make their appeal to older age groups. In Europe, puppet films are more popular than they are here, for familiar as we are with Disney's and other cartoons we find that puppets move more stiffly and do not vary their expressions as much as Donald Duck and Figaro do. Probably that is why the charming Czech puppet picture *Mischa the Bear*, gay and lively as it is, was not received more enthusiastically. The Polish *Dragon of*

comes with his dog to the castle of a very ferocious baron, who is not musical. There are some charming touches that could only have been introduced by a French director.

GREAT BRITAIN was represented by four films: *Who Robbed the Robins?* *Trapped by the Terror*, *Riders of the New Forest*, and *Three Bags Full*. *Who Robbed the Robins?*, made some time ago, is one of the best British cartoons. Its humour is truly English and it wastes no time in coming to the point. *Trapped by the Terror* is a conventional adventure of French Revolution days. There was no doubt of its popularity with the audience. They cheered the heroes and booed the villains in all the right places, so the film may be said to have achieved its aim.

Of *Riders of the New Forest* a Swedish film critic said that she did not think Swedish children would care for it because only a few of them ride. It seems likely that hundreds of the Bath children who applauded it have never ridden either but they enjoyed every minute of it. The lovely New Forest scenery, the natural acting of the very promising boy actor, Ivor Bowyer, and that of Jill Gibbs as his sister and David Hannaford as his

small brother, keep the interest alive all the time. There is plenty of excitement, too, including some anxious moments when Jill hangs over the river on a bough about to break and is rescued just in time by Bonny, the wild pony the children have tamed.

Described as a "slapstick comedy," *Three Bags Full* alternates laughs and thrills, and there is one wildly funny and exciting sequence in which the wicked spies find themselves in a wood where several wild animals from a touring menagerie have taken refuge. The climax is reached when the children, accompanied by the funny men, Mark Daly and Graham Moffatt, seize the arch villain's aeroplane and, tyros all, give a display of crazy flying which earns the unwilling praise of the aerodrome superintendent down below, who does not know the true facts.

I CANNOT speak too highly of *Palle Alone in the World* and of the resource and skill of the Danish director, who has devised a charming fantasy, running for half an hour, with only one small boy as the actor until the very end, when he is shown with his mother.

Palle dreams that he is the only person in the world. He gets up and walks out into the deserted streets of Copenhagen. There he finds a tram, gets in, and drives it until there is a smash. Unhurt, he hops out of the wreckage and wanders off in search of new adventures. No doors are closed to him. He takes sweets from one shop, toys from

another. It is true that he does put down some money in one shop, but, as he says, what is the use of paying if there is no one to take the money?

Later in his dream he finds himself in a huge airliner and flies it to the Moon. How he returns to Earth must remain a secret. It is very funny indeed. *Palle Alone in the World* has almost all the qualities that a film specially made for children ought to have. It has imagination, wit, humour, excitement, and other things too. Without any attempt to point a moral or teach a lesson, this film was made solely to charm and to entertain, and so it does.

The Children's Newspaper, June 11, 1949



The Spy Chief in *Three Bags Full* hiding in a haystack

THE HUT MAN tells us what to look for in . . .

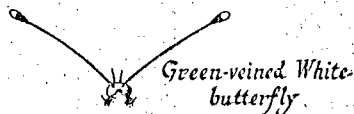
THE COUNTRYSIDE IN JUNE

It is "the leafy month of June." The fresh spring green of the earliest trees has already turned to the darker tints of summer; but here and there, in woods and roadside spinneys, the tender ash has just opened its backward buds, releasing again the youthful freshness of spring.

ON the branches of oak trees, especially the stunted or pruned trees of the laneside hedgerow, we shall find clusters of the hard woody balls called "marble galls." Like the softer, more uneven "oak-apples," these curious growths are not natural fruits of the tree, but insect nurseries grown by the oak for a tiny, fly-like wasp.

Early in the year the mother gall-wasp pierces the bud-bases with her sting, and deep in the wound places her tiny egg. In pushing out this unwanted speck the oak forms round it a soft, pulpy covering, green at first but gradually turning hard and

we must do so while they sleep. The eyes of butterflies and moths are always open, but they are not always seeing eyes. The sleeping butterfly usually rests with closed wings, held upright with the bright upper surfaces hidden, or clings with partly-



Emperor moth

opened wings in some more sheltered retreat on the underside of flower or leaf.

When the insect is found how are we to tell whether it is a butterfly or a moth? Brightness of colouring is not a safe guide, for many moths are more brilliantly clad than some butterflies. Nor can we go by the resting attitude, for though most butterflies rest with upright wings, while moths usually rest with wings outspread like little flat-irons, there are many exceptions.

Among our British butterflies and moths, however, there is a simple, unfailing guide. This is the form taken by the little horns, or antennae, protruding from the insect's head. All the butterflies to be found in our islands have these antennae "clubbed," with little knobs at the ends which gave them the appearance of slender, delicate drumsticks. Now, although we have over two thousand different kinds of moths in this country, not one of them has antennae of quite this type. Some moth antennae are simple, like little pieces of wire; some are very beautiful, looking like tiny ferns or feathers, but none has the drumsticks of the butterflies. This difference does not hold for the butterflies and moths of the world.

YOUNG eels are now ascending our rivers, especially those of the west coast, having completed the wonderful journey from their birthplace six hundred fathoms deep, far out in the Atlantic, in that romantic and mysterious area which we call the Sargasso Sea. Ever since they hatched from the egg the baby eels have been travelling eastwards, at first as tiny creatures shaped like melon seeds, but gradually changing to

the well-known form in which, as perfect little eels, or "elvers," they arrive in our rivers.

The great journey has taken three years to complete and, after growing to full size in our rivers and ponds, the adult eels will return to the sea. Again the long, long trek will begin, but this time westwards, back to the place of their birth where the eels will spawn, and die.

As we wander by the side of some quiet pond or lake our attention may be attracted by a low "plop," while a ripple widens out from the fringe of tall reeds. Watching carefully, we may see a small, dumpy dark brown bird rise to the surface some distance from the shore, look around, and then take a header out of sight again. We have seen the Little Grebe, or Dabchick, one of our commonest but most attractive water birds, and in all likelihood its nest will be among the forest of reeds fringing the shore. If the stems of this pond jungle are not too dense we may see what appears as a mass of floating water-weed among the growing stalks. Surely that is not a nest! There is no sign of eggs—nothing but an innocent-looking cluster of reed-ends, apparently gathered by the wind.

Let us find a hiding-place on the shore, and let us wait and watch. Suddenly there is another plop, this time alongside the platform of floating vegetation, and the Little Grebe appears again. She looks anxiously around, assumes that all is well, and, mounting the raft, begins to draw aside the uppermost reeds. Carefully arranging this covering material



around her, the Little Grebe settles down—on her eggs!

When at length we rise to go she will frantically cover her eggs with their reed blanket before running to the edge of her nest and diving underwater; once again leaving an innocent heap of vegetation floating among the tall, surrounding reeds. But we now know its secret.



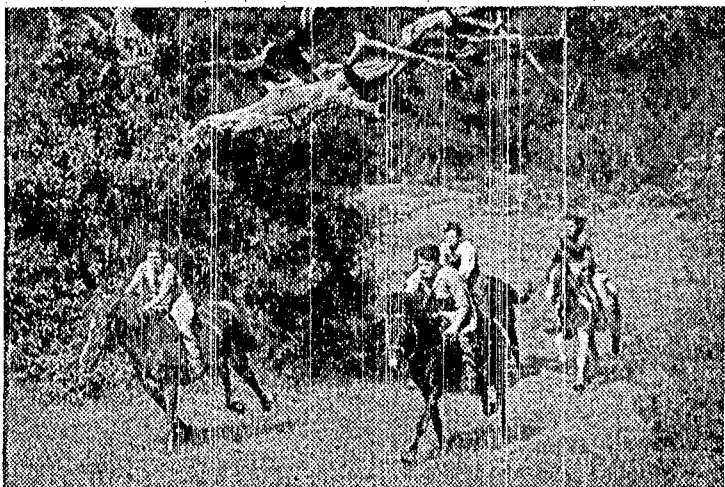
Maurice, Philip, and Marie in the Baker's Shop—a scene from *Trapped by the Terror*

Cracow with a puppet monster breathing fire was rather more popular, but the Poles and Russians are inclined to make films for children which are slow and long-winded.

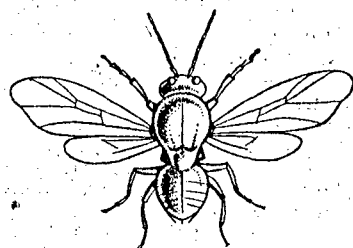
THE Danish colour cartoon made from Hans Andersen's *The Tinderbox* also runs for a long hour and has too many characters.

Sometimes the Russians unbend and then the result is very satisfactory, as in the delightful colour cartoon, *The Vain Bear*. This animal longed for a tail and at last borrows a peacock's. This makes him a very easy mark for the hunters, and he realises at last that it is better to be oneself, simple and natural, than to wear borrowed plumes.

Best of the European colour cartoons was *The Magic Flute*, the story of a troubadour who



A scene from *Riders of the New Forest*



The Gall Wasp, much enlarged

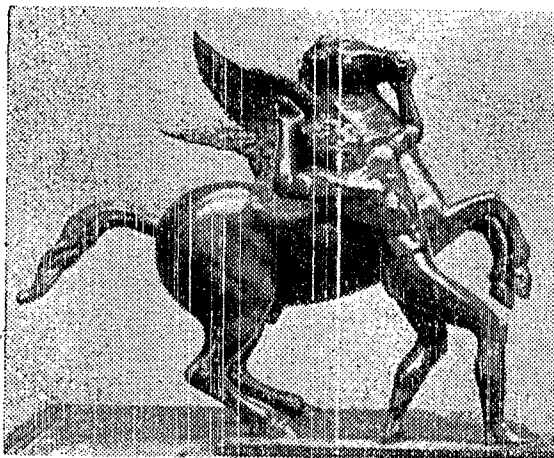
brown till a sturdy nursery has been formed, inside which the egg hatches and the baby grub grows up. Then the adult wasp finally eats its way to the big world outside.

Some of the marble-galls we find will show a neat round hole in the outer surface, about the size of the lead in a lead pencil, the exit eaten through its nursery wall by the escaping gall-wasp. Other marble-galls will have one whose side is roughly hacked away, for tits and nut-hatches have discovered the dainty morsels inside these woody balls and eagerly attack the protecting wall. If we carry home two or three perfect marble-galls and place them in a glass jar, securing the mouth with a piece of muslin, we shall be able to watch the tiny, perfect, four-winged gall-wasps as they emerge.

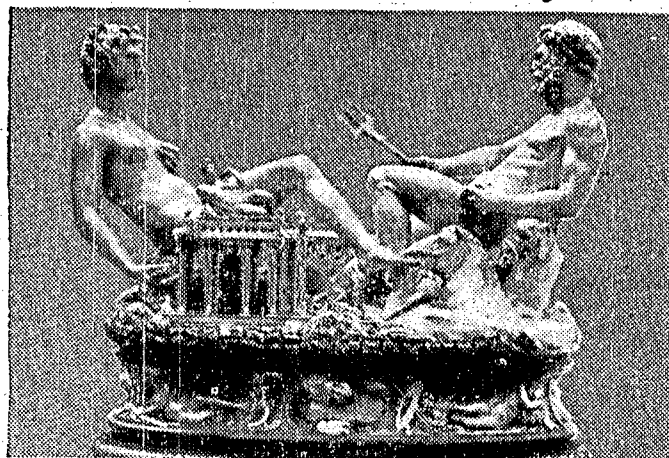
MORE and more butterflies and moths become active during the warm days of June, and if we would examine them closely

The Children's Newspaper, June 11, 1949

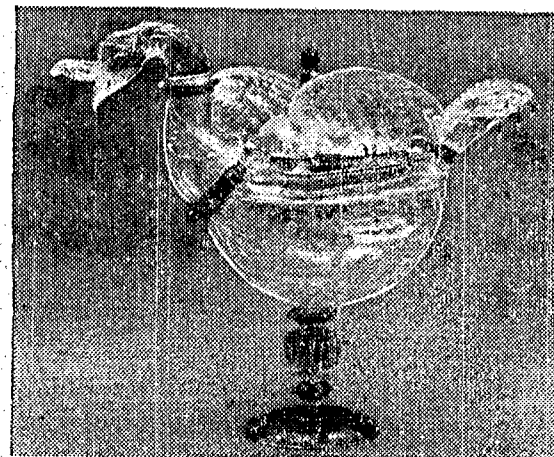
From Danube to Thames—Treasures of Vienna Now in London



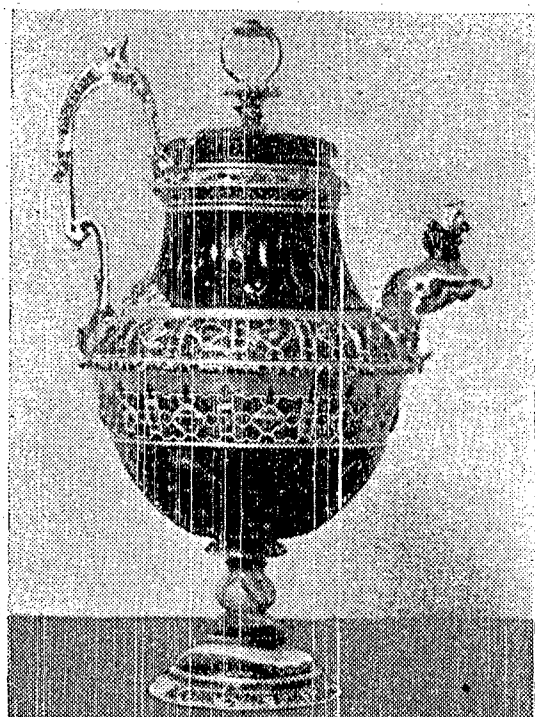
Bellerophon mastering Pegasus



The Cellini salt-cellar



Rock-crystal drinking vessel



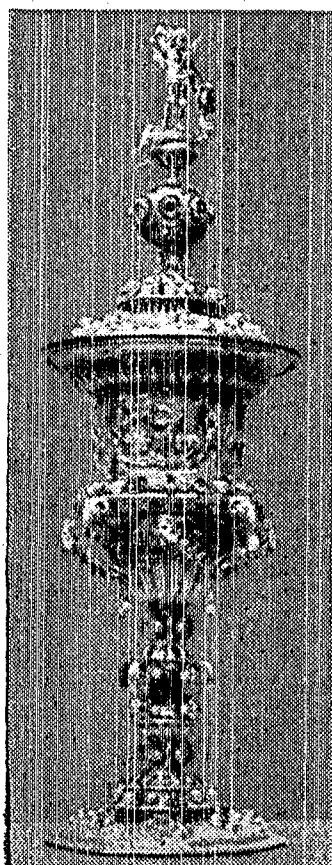
Onyx and gold enamel jug



Infanta Margareta Teresa, by Velasquez



A sixteenth-century helmet



The Michael Goblet, decorated with pearls, diamonds, and rubies

A KINGLY treasure from Vienna fills a generous allowance of the Tate Gallery, and will reveal all the summer what, in the great flowering of art after its rebirth in the Middle Ages, the genius of the time could create.

The painter, the sculptor, the artificer, the jeweller, the goldsmith, the carvers in ivory or rock crystal, the armourers, and those who made instruments and set the clocks going, all contributed their best to it.

It is rightly called kingly, for among the collectors of unrivalled masterpieces were the descendants of the Imperial House of Habsburg, the first of whom, the Emperor Ferdinand I, brother of Charles V or Charles the Bold of Burgundy, set the ball rolling which was like a snowball to add continually to itself. Among his prizes was the superb gold salt-cellar made by Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine. It survived many vicissitudes including the French Revolution and now emerges at the Tate to entrance us all. Indeed, this and the wealth of treasures here assembled have, as one might say, to be seen to be believed.

The paintings include some magnificent Rembrandts, more than one Velasquez, a Vermeer (one of the few that are

in existence), and works by Rubens, Titian, Tintoretto, and Vandyck in all their sumptuous glory. Here, however, we will address ourselves chiefly to the ornaments and sculpture.

These are distributed throughout the sculpture gallery, which is hung throughout its great length with tapestries from the spindles of Brussels from the 15th to the 17th centuries, a worthy clothing for the beauty it surrounds.

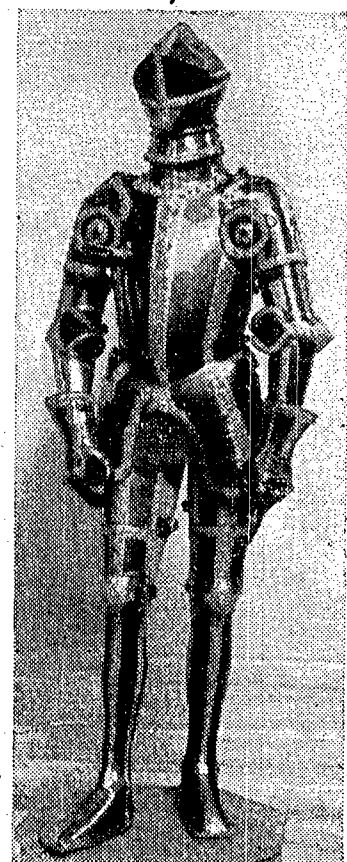
Of that beauty the one that first catches the eye is that of the vessels of carved rock crystal which march in procession from end to end—goblets, drinking cups, one appropriately like a fish, another a bumper engraved with a Bacchus, others in the form of a bird, a double-handed vessel with two spouts, clearer than the clearest glass. We can only wonder and admire.

BUT more than that, the tapestries set into relief the goldsmith's and silversmith's work, not only the Cellini salt-cellar but a dish and jug made for an Emperor or an Archduke of the royal house. So also gleam and shine among them cameos of the Grand Duchess, poor Joanna of Spain, and the Emperor Ferdinand, and what look like teacups or dessert sets of lapis lazuli, or jasper, or turquoise.

THAT is not nearly all. Breaking the vista down the stately corridor is the armour of the period when chain mail had been superseded by the all-steel arrow-proof equipment. Here is a knight and his horse so completely equipped for battle that nothing could discomfit them except, perhaps, a cannon ball; and armour so beautifully damascened and etched and gilded that it is hard to believe that it ever went into battle, though some of it certainly did together with a kingly warrior.

Other suits of this armour are decorative and adorned only the days of tournament. A sword so jewelled belonged to that Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who always led his soldiers from the front, and indeed met his death on the battlefield in 1477. Another object that belonged to him is a narwhal horn so hidden in an openwork of gold that we have to turn to the catalogue to be sure of what it is. It is one among several other toys—a small carved dancing bear; playing cards from a pack of 54; a folding box for the game of tric trac; a Negro on a camel.

AND even now we must refer the CN reader to the Tate Gallery itself, for we have named but a few of the treasures our Arts Council have brought here for our delight.



Suit of blue and gilded armour of Maximilian II

THRILLS IN THE ISLE OF MAN

NEXT week in the Isle of Man—on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—the finest British and European motor-cyclists will compete in the Senior, Junior, and Lightweight events, and in the two Clubman's Tourist Trophy races.

The first motor-cycle T.T. was held in the Isle of Man in 1907, and the average speed of the winner, C. P. Collier, was 38.22 m.p.h. During recent years the winner's speed has topped 90 m.p.h. over the tortuous-cornered hilly circuit.

It must be remembered, however, that the pioneers of T.T. racing in the Isle of Man had to compete under atrocious conditions, riding their primitive machines over rough, dusty roads, and facing all manner of perils and hardships; it was nothing extraordinary in those days for a rider to skid round a sharp corner in a cloud of dust and find himself faced by a flock of sheep straying over the road!

There will be no obstacles of that nature for the riders in next week's T.T. races, although with every split second counting on the corners, and new speed records expected, thrills will not be lacking. Despite the perils, however, there will be no shortage of riders.

There are 200 entries for the T.T. events this year, and the Auto Cycle Union, who control the races, have been forced to reject more than 50 other applicants in the interests of safety. As it is, 100 motor-cycles will roar off at the start of the Junior event, on the circuit of nearly 38 miles which must be completed seven times.

The T.T. machine of today is the road machine of tomorrow—that is the chief reason for the Tourist Trophy races.

The Barking Deer

DWELLERS in the New Forest have reported hearing the noise of a deer barking.

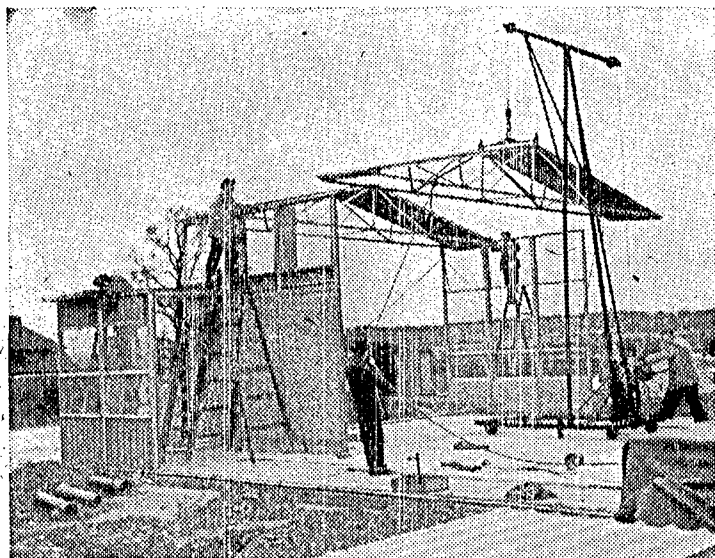
The deer has been identified as an Indian Muntjac. First seen two years ago, it is thought to have escaped from a nearby private park during the war, and recent reports have prompted the Forestry Commission to issue a circular to the keepers, seeking information about this rare animal.

The Indian Muntjac is a deep chestnut-red and rather smaller than the ordinary deer; it is 20 to 22 inches in height at the shoulder, and weighs about 28 pounds. Unlike the roe deer, it carries its head down, and yaps like a small dog.

WORKERS' PARADE



Producing hand-made bricks at a brickfield at Woodham Mortimer, near Maldon, Essex.



School Assembly

Five prefabricated aluminium schools, which can be erected in a few weeks, are being built by the Kent County Council. Here we see workmen assembling one of the classrooms.

Toronto Has Lost Its "Smog"

THE war against the smoke and fog that linger over most industrial centres continues unabated, and the latest city to report a decided victory is Toronto, capital of Ontario.

Until very recently Toronto was blanketed continuously with a thick pall of what scientists call "smog," caused by smoke belching forth from hundreds of factory chimneys and combining with the mists over Lake Ontario. Six-hundred-and-ten tons of soot and ash, and 32 tons of gaseous acids covered each square mile of the city in a single year.

Today, through the efforts of a Glasgow-born engineer—Lieutenant-Commander John Neilson, formerly of the Royal Canadian Navy—Toronto's "smog" has been almost entirely eliminated. Neilson, experimenting with the formation of smoke, discovered that he could reduce it by 90 per cent if he fed a furnace from the bottom instead of shovelling fuel on top. He persuaded factory-owners to install a new-type furnace in which the fuel entered from underneath the burning mass, and he proved that the fuel saved by this method was considerable. For instead of escaping unused, the gases burn on their way up through the flames.

To get rid of the remaining ten per cent of "smog" Mr Neilson got factory owners to install a device known as the Cottrell precipitator. This uses electricity and literally shocks the soot out of the smoke. It can be fitted directly into the factory chimney.

When the smoke enters the precipitator, metal plates negatively charged with electricity give the solid particles a negative charge. The charged particles then pass over another series of plates that are positively charged, and are attracted to the positive plates and cling to them until collected.

This device, named after its inventor, Frederick Gardner Cottrell, not only cleans smoke but removes valuable by-products. One of these is a valuable kind of ash which is much used by light-metal foundries for making moulds.

The newest of the smoke-cleaning methods, however, makes use of sounds so high-pitched that they are inaudible to the human ear. Just as the electrical precipitator shocks the soot out of the smoke, the high-frequency sound waves literally shake it out. The system, still in the experimental stage, consists of allowing the smoke to enter a chamber in which sound-waves are produced. As these waves course up through the smoke they cause the solid particles, no matter how small, to cluster together. Their combined weight then makes them fall to the bottom of the chamber. This method is similar to that now being tried for dispersing fog at airports.

In Britain the total loss of heat caused by escaping smoke equals ten million tons of coal per year. The annual cost of damage due to smoke is £21,000,000.

FIRST TEST OF THE SEASON

THE first Test Match of the season against New Zealand opens on Saturday at Yorkshire's ground at Headingley, Leeds.

Many amazing Tests have been played at Leeds with the Australians providing the opposition, but this will be the first Test appearance of New Zealand at the famous Yorkshire ground. This is the first time, too, that New Zealand have been granted four Tests in this country. The series of 1931 and 1937 comprised three matches only.

The first Test between the two countries was in New Zealand

at Christchurch, in January 1930, which England won. In all, there have been 13 Tests played between the countries, of which England have won three, the remainder having been left drawn.

Headingley has been an unfortunate ground for England in Tests against Australia, for never yet has the Old Country won a match there. Will the New Zealanders record their first Test victory against England on the Headingley ground?

Everything points to a grand sporting struggle.

The Editor's Table

RESPECT FOR THE OTHER MAN

THE American philosopher Emerson once remarked, "Every man I meet is my superior in some way . . . in that I learn of him." It is a word of wisdom for the present day, and a warning for the future.

Our civilisation is built on respect for the other man. Our laws and customs are moulded on this respect. Our lives are governed by a series of arrangements made for our material health and happiness. Without a recognition that other people have to be considered as well as ourselves life could not go on. Catastrophe and chaos would set in; all plans for an ordered and happy world come to nought.

THIS idea of respect for the other man has not always been honoured. History is studded with examples of the harsh and evil consequences of selfishness; and too often, even in our own time, we have seen respect for the other man break down, and the law of the jungle hold sway.

On the other hand, respect for the other man has led to the noblest examples of human achievement. It was respect for his fellows which drove Captain Oates into the Antarctic wastes to die; it was this respect which led Nurse Cavell to face a firing squad rather than turn her back on duty. It is this respect which inspires the finest emotions in men.

FROM every man we can learn something. Every man has some fine and lovely trait in his character which makes him our superior. But the basis of our respect must be his humanity. "A man's a man for a' that," sang Robert Burns, and so declared the fundamental truth of our respect for one another.

Alice in Modern Dress

YOUNG people today prefer modern illustrations for Alice in Wonderland, it was said at the Library Association conference at Eastbourne not long ago.

Mr S. C. Dedman, children's librarian at Leyton, who gave this opinion, said: "In an ageless book such as Alice in Wonderland many people regard it as vandalism to use any illustrations other than those delightful originals of Sir John Tenniel, but the majority of children greatly prefer those by more recent artists."

This is understandable. Alice belongs to us and our future children as much as to our great-grandparents; her adventures can never become a story of long ago, like Robin Hood or King Arthur, but the costume of the original Alice already belongs to history.

Let France Have Her Warship Back

MEMBERS of a French Chamber of Commerce delegation who visited Portsmouth were interested in the fate of the old wooden warship Implacable. This old warrior, C.N. readers know, was once the French ship, Duguay-Trouin, and a suggestion has been made by a writer to The Times that it should be returned to the people of France rather than be destroyed.

Now the Frenchmen have inquired whether this suggestion is welcomed in England.

It is possible that the Implacable may be brought from Portsmouth to the Thames for preservation. But it would be a fine gesture to our French friends if we gave them back their historic warship—that is, if the ancient mariner could still stand up to a Channel crossing!

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING?

TWO strangely-contrasting facts about newspapers came to hand on the same day.

From the British Zone it was learned that the slender German papers issued only three times a week may soon be published daily.

From America it was reported that a Texas paper had printed a 442-page edition, each copy weighing about six pounds and containing more than five million words.

British newspaper-readers may well reflect that too much of a good thing is almost as bad as too little. What mortal man could need an avalanche of five million words on his breakfast table? The Press may be the life-blood of democracy, but its circulation should be normal in all parts.

JUST AN IDEA

As John Stuart Mill wrote, *The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.*

Under the E

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a boy can win a walking race twice running



A VISITOR says he hopes to go back from this country like a sponge soaked with information. Will have to be pressed to give it.

A NEW film is said to be moving. Better see it before it moves off.

MANY legal people are musical. But the bar they are called to is not a bar of music.

MOST left feet are larger than the right. But there is usually plenty of right foot left.

TWO late up with

June 11, 1949

CANADA'S GREAT TRADE FAIR

THE second Canadian International World Fair, which closes on June 10, has been attended by business men from many countries who have been exhibiting their goods for sale or buying from others there. The United Kingdom has been represented by about 200 firms.

Primarily a commercial affair, the Fair has impressed the world with the growing importance of Canada in international trade. Above all, it has strengthened the bonds between business men of different nations and thus helped to increase that world-wide exchange of goods which is vital to civilisation.

Sweets of Office

HAVE you ever wondered how much strength it needs to untwist the paper round a piece of toffee?

In a research laboratory in London a machine has been devised for discovering this—a simple matter of a graduated weight suspended from the end of the "twist." The tension is slowly increased until the paper has been pulled straight.

The discoveries made are, no doubt, very useful—but we wonder who gets the toffee after it has been unwrapped.

IN ITS RIGHT PLACE

RUSKIN COLLEGE, Oxford, which, as stated in a recent C.N., is 50 years old this year, is not one of the colleges of Oxford University, but its association with Oxford was well described at the recent jubilee celebrations by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who said:

"Any body of people living in the closely-knit community of a residential college, striving to find the truth and working with intellectual honesty, has its proper home beside the University."

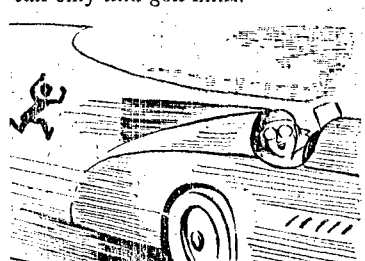
May this proudly-named college for working men and women long continue to prosper in its fine work.

Editor's Table

HUNSTANTON has decided its children's playground must close at 8 because of the noise. A sound reason.

A YOUNG man wants to do something that will cause a stir. Buy a teaspoon.

AMERICANS in England are always looking for links with their own country. Sometimes they can only find golf links.



famous motorists are behind the British racing car. Can't catch it.

THINGS SAID

IF we are to save the future it can only be by our ability to overcome passionately-held wrong beliefs by beliefs in better things held with an even more passionate intensity.

The Duke of Gloucester

THE true distinction between workers is not in the nature of the work they do but in the spirit in which they work.

The Bishop of Bradford

THE British are, perhaps, an illogical people, but they have the great gift of tolerance and compromise.

The Lord Chancellor

IN this country we are talking today of making things with an accuracy of two-tenths of a thousandth of an inch. That is a wonderful achievement.

Lord Aberconway

WE prefer to keep Lord's rural charm rather than build an arena like Melbourne's, where players feel like lions in a cockpit.

Sir Pelham Warner

Signs of the Times

LIKE the Church of England, the Methodist Church is vigorously attacking apathy in religion, and the leader of its "Commando" campaigns, the Revd Colin Roberts, said recently:

"I believe that this country is coming to the end of a period of indifference and unconcern in religious matters. Attendances at church services and our central halls are increasing, and last year the membership of the Methodist Church went up by 2500—the first increase for nearly 20 years."

GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass, Catching your heart up at the feel of June,

Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon, When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;

And you, warm little house-keeper, who class With those who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong, One to the fields, the other to the hearth,

Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth

To sing in thoughtful cars this natural song—

Indoors and out, summer and winter, mirth. *Leigh Hunt*

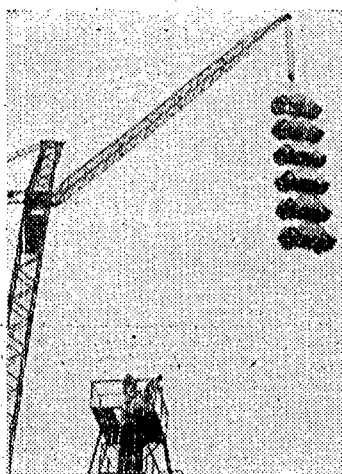
JOY IN JUNE

THE roses make the world so sweet,

The bees, the birds, have such a tune;

There's such a light, and such a heat,

And such a joy in June. *George Macdonald*



Getting a Lift

These six cars and the crane which lifted them were among the 9500 exhibits at the Paris Fair.

FOOD PRESERVED BY ELECTRONS

A NEW method of preserving food by means of electronic sterilisation, experiments in which have been carried out in America and Britain, was described by Mr Boothby in the House of Commons not long ago.

Mr Boothby said he had seen this new process of "freezing" fish when he was in America. He said that the fish were subjected to a tremendous bombardment by atoms, and a mouse which had been so electronised experimentally, five years before, was perfectly preserved.

As a result of what Mr Boothby said, the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research have issued a statement saying that experiments in the electronic sterilisation (preservation) of fish and meat have been carried out in this country, and a research worker has gone to America to investigate two important aspects of this problem. The first is, the effective destruction, by electrons, of the bacteria that cause decay; and the second is the effect of the electrons on the taste and food value of the meat or fish so treated.

Where Wordsworth Saw His Highland Lass

THE re-opening of Inversnaid Pier, Loch Lomond, recalls the fact that it was here Wordsworth saw the Highland lass he immortalised in *The Reaper*:
*Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.*

It was at Inversnaid, too, that the last four-in-hand horse coaches to ply in Scotland could be seen. They ran between Inversnaid Pier and Stronachlachar, Loch Katrine, till just before the last war. Usually the coachmen were crofters from Skye who came down every summer in order to make some extra money driving tourists through this very lovely region.

72-DAY CRUISE

EARLY next year the Cunard White Star Liner *Caronia* will go on a long cruise and visit 28 countries in four continents. One of the calls will be at Tristan da Cunha. Nearly 19,000 miles will be covered in 72 days.

WRITE YOUR OWN OPERA

FOR a group of boys and girls to make and produce their own opera seems rather an ambitious idea. Many young people have written and staged their own plays, but an opera entails composing songs and music, as well as making up the story.

It can be done, however, by boys and girls of musical tastes, and Benjamin Britten and Eric Crozier have written an entertainment to encourage us. Their piece is called *Let's Make an Opera*—An Entertainment for Young People, and it is being performed at the Aldeburgh Festival this week. Benjamin Britten the composer and Eric Crozier the writer are authorities on the subject. Some time ago Eric Crozier described *Let's Make an Opera* in the Times Educational Supplement.

The first part of the performance will be a scene showing boys and girls aged from eight to fifteen in the throes of the dress rehearsal of the opera which they have made themselves with the help of their music teacher and one or two other grown-ups. The children have worked out the story of their opera, written the words and music, built the scenery, and made the costumes—knocking up scenery and costumes is an essential part of the fun in making your own play or opera. They have an orchestra of six players—string quartet, piano, and percussion.

The second part of the enter-

tainment is the opera itself. It is a simple story called *The Little Sweep*, and is about a young chimney-climbing slave of the bad old days.

The little boy, Sam, aged eight, is the son of a farm labourer and has been sold to a cruel sweepmaster called Black Bob. Sam's first job is at Ikeh Hall, and there he becomes wedged in the nursery chimney. He is rescued by the children of the house and their cousins who are staying with them, and they are so sorry for little Sam that they hide him in a toy cupboard and tell his master he has run away.

The sweep believes them and departs, but then comes the question of what is to be done with Sam. The children's parents are away, and the housekeeper is not likely to be in the least sympathetic. However, Rowan, the housemaid, helps them, and they are able to give Sam a bath and feed him. Next day they smuggle him out of the house in a trunk which is carried out with the cousins when they leave for home.

The opera ends with a stirring song, in which the audience are invited to join, celebrating the liberation of Sam.

Ships Built on Sand

A SIMPLE device which eliminates much hard work, saves timber and shipping space, and also expedites the launching of ships, is being employed in two Clydeside shipbuilding yards. The forests of shores and giant blocks from Canada and Scandinavia which prop up ships under construction on the stocks are displaced by handfuls of sand which do the job more efficiently.

"Fried" to dry it, sand in small quantities is poured into the bottom section of slender steel telescopic pillars. Adjusted to the desired height, the top section of the "telescope" is jammed hard against a ship's bottom and, to keep the upper part in position, a small screw is inserted through the side of the telescope.

As the ship grows, ton upon ton, its weight is actually "floating" on the sand.

Normally the weight of the ship presses down on the timber supports and, before a launch, scores of shipwrights toiling

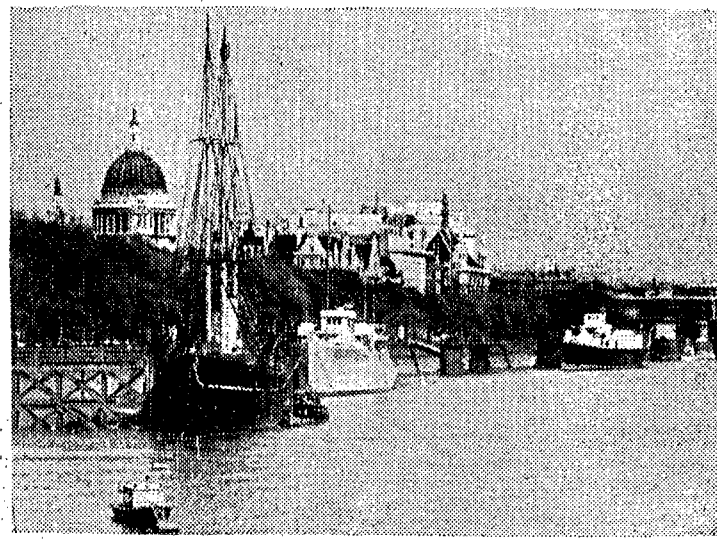
with hammers and chisels split out the blocks and wedges under the shores, which must then be removed to allow the ship a free passage down the slipways.

The "telescopes" save all this labour, for a hole is opened at the bottom of each pillar, and when the sand trickles out the telescope collapses and falls away.

The sand pillars are also used instead of timber to shore up decks.

NO FOOTBALL POOLS

A FOOTBALL pools firm in Britain has extended its activities to cover Australian games, but the Chief Secretary's department in Sydney has said that pools, so far as Australia is concerned, would be lotteries within the meaning of the Act, and therefore illegal. Any attempt to publicise the pools in Australia by distributing literature or selling tickets would be an offence.



THIS ENGLAND

The Discovery and other ships on the Thames near the C.N. office

Bingham's Story of Good Deeds

A TOWN WITH FINE TRADITIONS

The little town of Bingham in Nottinghamshire is keeping up its tradition of service. A Youth Centre was recently opened there on a site where, only 18 months ago, stood some derelict cottages.

T.O.C.H. volunteers, working in their spare time, demolished the cottages and built the Youth Centre. To provide materials, youth organisations made various money-raising efforts.

Bingham has other examples to show of voluntary effort. In its church the oak cover, nearly six feet high, for the Norman font was given by the children.

The great oak reredos was given by the parishioners to commemorate the 700th anniversary of the church, which is dedicated to All Saints. This has among its carvings, appropriately, a row of ten quaint people, suggesting that saints are found in all walks of life; there is a king, a merchant, a labourer, a beggar, a woman at her wash-tub.

One such humble saint of Bingham has been carved in oak near the chancel. She was Ann Harrison who died in 1928 aged 99, and who used to go round the town with a stick and a fish-basket collecting odds and ends. All the money she made she gave to the church collections.

Bingham tries to live up to the words on its picturesque Butter Cross: "To be beloved is better than all bargains."

THE GROUNDNUT CHURCH

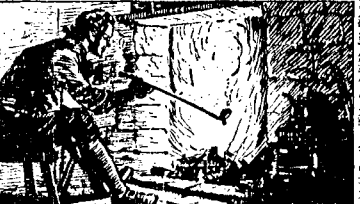
EUROPEANS and African Christians who work in the groundnut areas of Tanganyika are to have their own church, and at the recent ceremony of laying its foundation stone at Kongwa the African Canon Mbogo read the second lesson.

Communion vessels and a Bible for the new church have been given by the parish of Emsworth, near Havant in Hampshire, and these were dedicated by the Bishop of Central Tanganyika.



Pioneers 4. WILLIAM MURDOCK who gave us gaslight.

Boulton was impressed and employed Murdock to erect pumping engines at Redruth in Cornwall. There he filled a pipe bowl with coal and, putting it into the fire, found that the smoke emerging from the mouthpiece would light.



Of course it was more than smoke; it was coal gas. Murdock experimented with it lighting the outside of his employer's factory at Birmingham with gas to celebrate the Peace of Amiens in 1802.



In time London was lighted with gas, although people thought they would be blown up. Even in 1875 a visiting Shah of Persia was so amazed at what he saw that he said Murdock must be made the god of light.

Atomic Research in the Craters of the Moon

PART of the weird and scarred wasteland known as the Craters of the Moon in Idaho, U.S.A., is to be used as an American atomic research centre. Headquarters will be at the town of Arco, which is just north of this famous region of extinct volcanoes.

The Craters of the Moon area, which occupies thousands of square miles north of the upper reaches of the Snake River Valley in the Rocky Mountains, was so named because of its resemblance to the desolate and pockmarked surface of the Moon as seen by telescope. For mile upon mile there unroll vistas of twisted andropy lava fields; of yawning blowholes, sunbaked craters and cinder cones, and chill caves where the ice never melts even in midsummer. Geologists believe that fiery forces cracked open the earth and threw up the boiling lava and rocks, a natural process which probably continued for thousands of years. Perhaps the latest violence occurred relatively recently, only a few centuries ago.

When first discovered by pioneers on the way to the Californian goldfields and homesteads in Oregon, it presented so forbidding a scene that travellers avoided it where possible. It became known as the Lava Beds of Idaho, and even as late as 1920 few other than local Indians ventured over it.

Geologists and serious explorers, however, found much of

scientific interest in this vast wasteland. Though travel on foot was found to be rough and painful over the loose pebbles and sharp-edged rocks of the long-cooled lava, the explorers found ample compensation in the strange beauties of the area, with its tall cones painted in desert blues, reds, browns, and black. Particularly fascinating were the natural bridges of "frozen" lava, the long tunnels and caves decorated with fantastic stalactites and stalagmites. They discovered, too, that the crater land had life of its own, however sparse, of animal, bird, and plant variety.

In 1924 the United States Government set aside 40 square miles of the region as the

"Craters of the Moon National Monument," later enlarging the area to 80 square miles.

Towns closest to the area are Pocatello and Idaho Falls, which are Idaho's second and third largest cities. Arco, new headquarters of the atomic research scientists, is a small community of some 600 local inhabitants, apart from the small army of 6000 construction workers due to start work there soon.

Much of this territory's nearby desert has already been turned into green and fertile land by the use of modern dams, canals, and hydro-electric power. Farmsteads and settlements have sprung up, despite slight rainfall and the great natural aridity of this part of the United States.

A DAY AT AN AIRPORT

SUMMER sightseeing visits to airports are again in full swing, providing entertainment for people of all ages.

Last season this popular pastime was enjoyed by 277,000 people at London Airport, Heathrow. Besides watching the coming and going of air traffic from the enclosure there are other attractions, including sandpits, exhibitions, conducted tours, and running commentaries on the activities of the airport. There is a special enclosure for sightseers with seats for 1200 people and a park for 700 cars.

Northolt Airport is also a popular favourite, for on the first

18 days from opening 31,000 people visited the public enclosure. At this airport there is an exhibition with many items of interest from the airline operating companies.

A competition which proved popular last summer is being revived this season. Visitors are asked to write their impressions of a "Day at Northolt Airport," the prize being a free flight; and another attraction is a free flight for one lucky number each day.

Throughout England and Northern Ireland there are 15 airports opened where the public may watch air traffic being handled.

A-B-C CONTEST

Five Bicycles and 55 Other Prizes Won

WE are pleased to announce the names of the chief prize-winners in our recent pictorial competition. The contest attracted a very large entry, which was judged in two age classes—those under 11 and the 11s and upwards, the prizes being allotted proportionately between the two groups.

The Bicycle Winners

In the older group three entrants sent all-correct attempts and have each been awarded a New Bicycle—while among the younger entrants no competitor sent an entirely correct solution, but two with one mistake only, and whose attempts were also the best-written according to age, win the other two Bicycles. These winners are:

SONJA BEALING (aged 15), 17 Lower Blandford Road, Shaftesbury; PAMELA BRADFIELD (13), 11 Beech Lane, Earley, Berks; ROGER GODIN (10), Birch Lee, Blundel Lane, Cobham; MICHAEL SMITH (11), 12 Hereford Gardens, Ilford; VICTOR STUART (9), Bayview, Ardishaig, Argyll.

The Second Prizes

The Five Second Prizes of Tennis Rackets or Cricket Bats (as chosen) are awarded for the entries which each contained one error and were next in order of merit. These winners are:

PETER DOWSE, Swindon; PETER HASLAM, Norwich; ALAN PENNY, Wareham; G. H. SLATER, St Helens; HUGH WILLIS, Talywain.

The Fifty Surprise Prizes were won by the remaining entries containing one mistake and those which were next in merit with two mistakes and the best written in relation to age. A list of these may be had on application to the C.N. offices. All prizewinners are being advised.

Correct Solution

Aeroplane, Bagpipe(s), Coronet, Die, Eskimo, Forge, Galley, Hilt, Iceberg, Jester, Kite, Lynx, Mail (or mail), Negro, Oxen, Pheasant, Quill, Ruff, Steeple, Turtle, Umbrella, Viola, Weir, Xylophone, Yawl, Zebra.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told in Pictures



Fogg and his companions, trying to rescue the widow who was to be burned on the funeral pyre, approached the temple where she was being kept till the funeral at dawn. Near it was the Rajah's funeral pile, ready to be set alight. Indians were lying asleep, but the temple was guarded by sentries. The rescuers decided to try to cut through the back wall of the temple where there were no sentries.



The wall was made of brick and wood. They crept to it, and working with pen-knives—all they had—they tried to remove one brick, and then others to make an opening to crawl through.



A cry was heard within the temple. It was taken up by those outside. The sentries came round to the back, and the would-be rescuers slipped away into the bushes only just in time.



All were baffled except Fogg. "We may get an opportunity at the last minute," he said. At dawn a great tumult arose: The widow, evidently drugged, was led from the temple. She was placed beside her dead husband and a torch was applied to the pile. Then a cry of horror arose from the crowd. The old Rajah was not dead! He was standing amid the smoke holding his wife! Overawed, the crowd hid their faces.



The crowds lay prone as the spectral figure came towards Fogg and the others. As it reached them it said, "Let us be off." It was Jean Passepartout, Mr Fogg's servant! This was his idea for rescuing the widow. He had slipped away from his friends unnoticed and, hidden by the smoke, had managed to reach the pyre. Seizing the unconscious widow, he had stood up, pretending to be the dead Rajah.

How Soon Will It Be Before the Crowd Find the Real Rajah is Still There? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, June 11, 1949

BILL and JILL, the C N twins, were quite sure that ...



It Couldn't Have Been Uncle Dick

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"BILL, it's rude to stare," whispered Jill Watson to her twin brother. "Eat your cream buns and don't keep looking at Major Trelawny like that. You're making him feel uncomfortable."

Bill dropped his eyes to his plate.

He and Jill were having tea on the lawn of a country house owned by Mr Hassett, a friend they had recently met.

Mr Hassett was a generous, open-hearted man who made friends quickly and loved to fill his house with guests. Among the guests at present taking tea was the handsome and charming Major Trelawny who interested Bill so much.

"I was looking at his medal ribbons," confessed Bill.

"They are pretty, aren't they?" Jill agreed.

"Pretty!" scoffed Bill. "That's just the kind of thing a girl would say. You aren't expected to take an interest in ribbons because they're pretty but for what they stand for."

"I think I like that green and black one best," Jill went on, not in the least abashed by her brother's scorn. "I used to have a frock with stripes very much like it. Do you remember? I wore it at a party and that horrible Jones boy spilled a strawberry ice cream all over it."

"Green and black one?" echoed Bill vaguely. Then he jumped. "Green and black one? No, it can't be! Where's Uncle Dick?"

"In one of the greenhouses, I think, with the gardener."

"I wish he'd come back," muttered Bill anxiously.

BILL wasn't the only one who was wondering what had become of his uncle.

Mr Hassett, standing on the edge of the lawns, looked round at his guests assembled at the little tea-tables, and then spoke to his wife.

"Have you seen Mr Watson—you know, the uncle of those twins? I promised to show him my begonias."

"My dear man, you can't expect me to keep track of all your guests," smiled Mrs Hassett. "I never knew such a person for filling the house with all sorts of strange people! One of these days you'll find you've brought some crooks into the house. Where do you meet them all? These twins and their uncle, for example—how long have you known them?"

"Ran across them in Kew Gardens," confessed Mr Hassett. "The twins struck me as being a particularly lively and intelligent pair of youngsters. The uncle is a delightful young fellow. He's their tutor. They were visiting the gardens and seemed particularly interested in the tropical plants, so I invited them down to see my collection. Perfectly natural."

Mrs Hassett smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

AT that moment Uncle Dick appeared from the direction of the hot-houses. Mr Hassett walked to meet him.

"Did Briggs give you all the cuttings you needed?" he asked. "Well, that's fine. Of course, you'll have to be careful of the method of culture. The kind of soil is very important. And the temperature—"

Mr Hassett was well launched on his favourite topic.

Suddenly everybody heard a scream. A maid had run out of the house and was sobbing to Mrs Hassett.

Mr Hassett excused himself from Uncle Dick and joined his wife. An uncomfortable silence fell on all the guests as they realised that something was seriously wrong.

AT last Mr Hassett walked across the lawn and stood gravely among the tables, looking profoundly unhappy.

"A most unfortunate thing has happened," he reported grimly. "It appears that some time during the last half-hour my wife's pearls have disappeared."

Major Trelawny jumped to his feet.

"Do you mean that you have invited a thief under your roof, Mr Hassett?" he cried in horror.

"I haven't said so," answered the host in dismay. "I am sure there is some other explanation."

"But how can you know? After all, some of us are almost strangers to you," the major pointed out. "I think we should all be searched; in fact, I insist on it so that the innocent may be cleared of suspicion. I would like to set an example to the rest of your guests. Please start with me."

Mr Hassett mumbled unhappily. He was reluctant to follow the suggestion. But at

last he gave in, faced with the major's urging. Major Trelawny carefully and painstakingly emptied every pocket and submitted to a complete examination.

Then he helped Mr Hassett search the other guests.

UNCLE DICK looked unhappily at the twins.

"I'm sorry that you should be mixed up in an affair like this," he confessed.

"Uncle Dick, there's something I want to say—" began Bill.

But Mr Hassett and the major were approaching.

"Your turn now, old man," Mr Hassett said glumly.

"Go ahead!" smiled Uncle Dick.

The major patted Uncle Dick's pockets. Then he gave a sudden cry.

"What's this?" he shouted.

"My jewel case!" cried Mrs Hassett. "Empty!"

"You scoundrel!" cried the major. "Where are the pearls?"

Uncle Dick looked dumb-founded.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" he protested.

"That won't do!" rapped the major. "You've been caught red-handed."

Bill uttered an angry cry.

"You didn't take that case out of Uncle Dick's pocket!" he challenged. "It was some sort of conjuring trick."

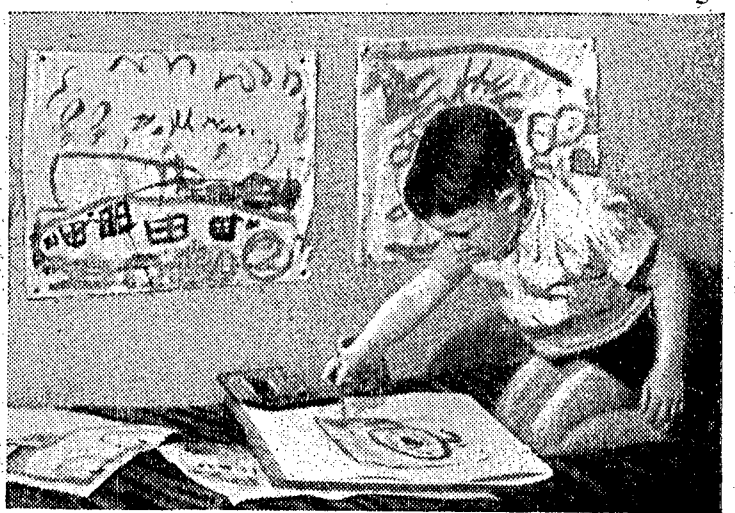
"You keep out of this, boy," thundered the major.

"I can hardly believe it!" cried Mr Hassett in dismay.

"Why not?" asked the major curtly. "After all, you know almost nothing about this man. Frankly, sir, I think you were asking for trouble, inviting him down here, giving him the run of your house—"

"I haven't been near the house," Uncle Dick put in fiercely. "I have been with the gardener."

BRIGGS, the gardener, was sent for and asked to confirm Uncle Dick's story. He shook his head wonderingly.



All His Own Work

Four-year-old Paul Trevor Williams, of Chelsea, London, has already held an exhibition of his own work. Here we see him with some of his paintings.

"The gentleman did come to the greenhouses. I gave him some cuttings," he admitted. "But he left over ten minutes ago."

Again Bill tried to say something but no one would let him speak.

"I took a stroll in the rose garden after leaving the greenhouses," insisted Uncle Dick.

"Did anyone see you? No!" barked the major. "I'm afraid the case is only too clear! We must telephone immediately to the police!"

They all went into the house. But when they tried to use the telephone there was no reply. The line had been cut.

"Evidently our man is an experienced criminal. He knows the ropes—has done this kind of thing before!" rapped the major. "I'll drive to the village in my car, Mr Hassett, and bring the police back with me. In the meantime you'd better keep a pretty tight hold on this fellow Watson. He strikes me as being a very slippery customer."

Uncle Dick was speechless with bewilderment and dismay.

THE major strode out. A few moments later they heard his sports car roaring down the drive. An uncomfortable hush fell. Bill suddenly appeared. No one had realised that he had slipped away.

"Mr Hassett, if you want those pearls back you ought to go after the major right away," Bill urged. "I'll bet he's got them hidden in the car. He's tricked you! He isn't going for the police—he's bolting!"

"What are you saying?" gasped Mr Hassett.

"He probably isn't an army officer at all; he's a fake. I knew that as soon as I got a good look at his medal ribbons—well, it was Jill who put me on to it."

"Why didn't you speak up before?" cried Mr Hassett.

"No one would give me a chance," protested Bill. "But he won't get far, if you hurry. While you were all in here I got some rubber tubing from the tool shed and siphoned most of the petrol out of his tank."

Bill ran out and along the drive to the gate. Here he stopped and pointed at the loose gravel.

"Look at these fresh tyre marks!" he cried. "You can see that when the major turned his car into the road he was driving in quite the opposite direction to the police station. What did I tell you?"

"We must go after him at once," declared Mr Hassett.

THEY eventually came upon "Major Trelawny," in a filthy temper, standing beside his stalled car about a mile away.

The missing pearls took longer to find. They were wrapped in a wash leather inside the tool compartment. The police had little difficulty in identifying the major as a gentleman known to them as Flash George, who made use of his good looks and charm to get himself invited to various houses so that he could rob them. In his time he had posed as a wealthy stockbroker, an actor, a doctor, and many other things, but he had made a bad mistake this time because, as Bill remarked afterwards:

"Well, can you imagine. He was wearing a green and black ribbon like grandfather used to have for the Ashanti campaign of 1901. Somehow I couldn't swallow that!"

Another Bill and Jill story next week

C N Competition No 3

WIN THIS WEEK'S FREE BICYCLE!

"Ensign" Cameras for Runners-Up

NOW out with your pen or pencil and get busy with this week's prize puzzle. This is the third of the new weekly C N Competitions in which a New Bicycle is the chief prize every week.

This time the Bicycle (junior or full-size, as required) will be given to the boy or girl who correctly names the 12 objects hidden in this jig-saw picture. "Ensign Ful-Vue" Cameras will be awarded to the five next-best entries. Handwriting and general neatness in relation to age will be taken into account to decide ties.

What Can You See in this Jig-Saw?



You can see the WATER-TAP, but can you find and name all the other eleven things in the picture? You can ... Then take a postcard or single sheet of paper, put your name, age, and address at the top right-hand corner, and underneath list the names of all twelve objects very neatly and in your best handwriting or printing.

Then cut out and pin or paste the competition token (marked "C N Token," and given at the foot of the back page of this issue), and ask your parent, or guardian, or teacher, to sign your completed entry as being your own written work. Post to:

C N Competition No 3,
Room 17, The Fleetway House,
London, EC 4 (Comp),
to arrive by FRIDAY, June 17.

N.B. These competitions are open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands. No reader may send more than one attempt in each week's competition, to which a C N Token must be attached. The Editor's decision will be final.

What are YOU going to be—?

Your whole future may depend on planning your career while you are still at school. To help you choose, The Daily Mail has published twelve well-illustrated books—each written by a specialist in his own profession—and giving in clear readable style a complete picture of the job.

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By Alexander Franklin, M.D., Ch.B. 72 pages. 8 pages of pictures.

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By G. S. Nicholson. 72 pages. 8 pages of pictures.

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Charles the Beloved

Charles Lamb and Elia, edited by J. E. Morpurgo (Penguin Books, 1s 6d).

This is a delightful book, and the best possible value for money. By skilful arrangement from a selection of Charles Lamb's essays and letters and verse, the editor has built up a biography which reveals all the magic of the man—the genius, the unflinching humour, the weaknesses and the strength, above all, the capacity for friendship—which have made him the best-loved figure in our literature. A masterly introduction summarises the character of this great writer who belongs to us all.

Five Children and a Parrot

The Mountain of Adventure, by Enid Blyton (Macmillan, 8s 6d).

No one knows how to tell a children's story better than Enid Blyton, and her deft touch is here just the same in this book, the fifth of her adventure series. Here, too, finding thrills and fun galore while on holiday in Wales, are the same jolly companions—Philip and his sister Dinah, Jack and his sister Lucy-Ann, their friend Bill Cunningham (Smugs for short), and, of course, the parrot Kiki which is always saying something comical.

Adventure For Two

The Hut on Oh Me Edge, by L. E. O. Charlton (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s).

An enforced holiday from school for two boys, a meeting with a stranger, a trusty motor-cycle, and a lonely hut on a height in the Cheviots. Add some mysterious happenings in a deserted Army camp, and a thrilling and most unusual tale for boys is the result.

Village Nature Book

Yaffewood, by C. J. Kaberry (Oxford University Press, 7s 6d).

YOUNG nature-lovers between 8 and 11 will delight in this book, which tells of the animal and plant life of an ordinary village and its surroundings. There are numerous excellent illustrations by Margaret Tournour, many of them in colour.

The New Boy

Jimmy, by Richmal Crompton (Newnes, 7s 6d).

AFTER writing twenty-five books about William, his creator now introduces another small boy with a remarkable talent for becoming involved in exciting escapades. Jimmy and his lively friends should find a warm welcome among Miss Crompton's faithful legion of readers of all ages.

Other Books Received

CYCLING Book of Maintenance (Temple Press, 2s).

Cricket, by Alfred Gover (Pitman, 7s 6d).

ABC of Photography, by Frank and Molly Partington (Fountain Press, 3s 6d).

Grasses, Sedges, Rushes, and Ferns, by N. Barrie Hodgson (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s 6d).

Public Transport, by Christian Barman (Penguin, 2s 6d).

Plough's Great Family of Stars

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE seven bright stars of the Plough are now almost overhead of an evening. Often called the Great Bear, they actually represent only his long tail and his back, about one-third of the entire constellation.

The two foremost stars, Alpha and Beta, point north and almost directly to a star nearly as bright. This is Polaris, the Pole Star.

Alpha of Ursa Major (Arabic, Dubhe) is a sun very similar to ours but radiating about sixty times more light and from a distance of about 4,240,000 times farther away, its light taking 67 years to reach us.

Alpha has a large planetary body revolving round it in a period of 44 years, which vanishes for intervals of about eight years. This is due to the angle from



The stars of the Plough, the arrows showing their direction

which it is viewed on Earth, which makes this body appear to pass so very close to the great central sun as to obscure it.

The varying light from this great planetary body indicates that it has occasional outbursts and that it is dying down. The light it at present radiates averages about one-hundredth that of our Sun.

Beta (Arabic, Merak) radiates about forty times more light than our Sun but from a distance 4,367,000 times farther away and therefore taking about 69 years to reach us. Beta is one of a group or "family" of several stars in this region all travelling in the same direction.

Brightest in the Family.

The five brightest of this "family" are Beta, Gamma, Epsilon, Zeta, and Delta, which together with little Alcor and some smaller stars are all speeding in the direction shown by the arrows on the star-map. Their distances from us are from 62 to 77 light-years journey.

Gamma, also known as Phecda, is the nearest of them all, and at a distance of 62 light-years' journey. It radiates about thirty times more light than our Sun.

Epsilon (Arabic, Alioth) is the farthest, 77 light-years distant. It is composed of two suns, each between three and four times the diameter of our Sun, but much more brilliant and together radiating about a hundred times more light and heat. They revolve round their centre of gravity in four years and two months at an average distance apart of 86 million miles.

Delta, also known as Megrez, radiates only 22 times more light than our Sun, and from a distance of 65 light-years.

Zeta (Arabic, Mizar) is a solar system of four suns, two of which have each a diameter about three times that of our Sun. They are about 76 light-years distant from us, and revolve round their common centre in 20½ days. At a very great distance from these are a pair of much smaller "companion" suns. Eta, the ancient Alkaid, is 130 light-years distant and radiates 240 times more light than our Sun. G. F. M.

The Children's Newspaper, June 11, 1949

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35 Hillside, London, N.W.10.

RUSSIA'S FIRST POET

THE 150th anniversary of the birth of Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin, Russia's national poet, falls on June 6.

On his father's side Pushkin was descended from the nobility, but his mother was the granddaughter of a Negro, Abraham Petrovitch Hannibal, a favoured godson of Peter the Great. Pushkin received an education according with his rank and, while distinguished by his wide reading and gift for languages, he was early recognised as a poet of genius. But he was a progressive spirit in an oppressed land, and his opinions caused his banishment to Bessarabia in his early twenties.

This exile, and a second one that followed some years later, Pushkin turned to excellent account by giving full play to his poetic and literary talent, fortified by observation of the native life about him, the things said and done and believed by the peasants.

Delightful Russian fairy stories sprang to life in Pushkin's poetry, accompanied by native lore and legend, and scenes from actual life. His most notable poem, Eugene Onegin, contains much of his own life story, and was written during his exile. His great tragic drama, Boris Godunov, was composed in the quiet of his home, to which he had been permitted to return.

As a prosperous government official he enjoyed a literary fame unequalled in Russia till then. Repeated attacks on his charming wife made in print by a rival writer led to a duel in 1837, and Pushkin died from wounds.



School That Stood on Rotting Logs

Boys at Westminster School before the war, reflecting on the proud traditions of that famous public school in London, would have had a shock if they had been told that the foundations of some of their noble buildings consisted of nothing more than wooden logs long since decayed.

When investigations were made, after the war, of the work needed to restore bomb damage to the school, it was discovered that the foundations of parts of the "College Building" had been laid upon a framework of logs placed in the Thames-side marsh on which so much of Westminster was originally built, and that these logs, after being there for over 200 years, had rotted away.

An Appeal

The School Governors had already been grappling with the problem of how the restoration of the buildings was to be paid for, but before that work could be tackled, proper foundations of concrete would have to be put in to replace the rotted logs. This primary work of "underpinning," as it is called, would itself prove very expensive, so the School appealed to the Pilgrim Trust.

Although it is not the Trust's custom to make grants to schools for their normal needs, they have allocated £10,000 towards the work on Westminster School's foundations and the worthy restoration of the buildings.

This and other details of the Trust's help in preserving things of beauty and historic interest in our land are revealed in the 18th Annual Report of the Pilgrim Trust.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Red Aeroplane

DAVID liked taking Sam, his golden retriever, out for a walk. Their favourite place was a great, wide meadow stretching from the allotments right over to the river. Here Sam could race about in safety without getting into trouble.

Then suddenly the Model Aeroplane Club decided to use the meadow for its meetings. And the first time David took Sam over there when the boys were sending up their planes, Sam did get into trouble.

For when a bright red plane came sailing back to earth just ahead of them, Sam dashed and retrieved it, bringing it in his mouth, quite unharmed, to David. But the boy to whom it belonged was furious!

"You keep your dog off the meadow," he shouted. "Next time he will do some damage, and these planes cost a lot of money!"

So instead of taking Sam walking across the meadow, David took him over the river bridge and back along the opposite bank. From here he could look across the water to the meadow and watch the boys flying their planes without having to put Sam on a lead.

Then, one afternoon, when he was watching the red plane, he saw it suddenly fly off its course and come whirling down splash into the middle of the river.

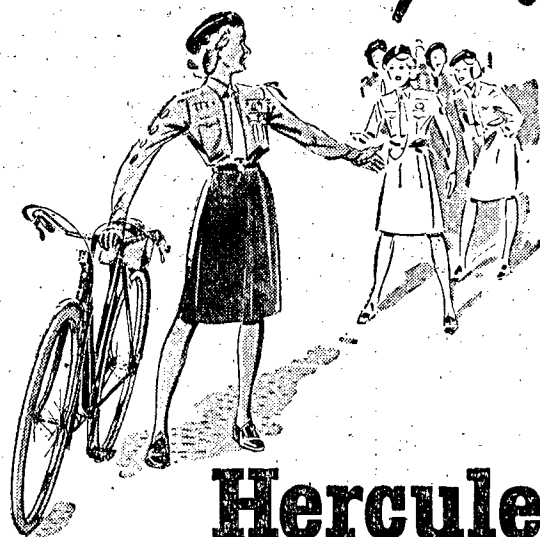
There were no people in boats to rescue it! And the boy who owned it did not know what to do.

Then out into the river David sent Sam swimming; and very quickly the clever dog retrieved the red plane, and swam back with it unharmed.

How all the boys cheered! And when David had taken it round to the meadow, they said: "Do bring your dog walking here whenever you like."



*Joan's a fine Leader
---so is her cycle!*



Hercules

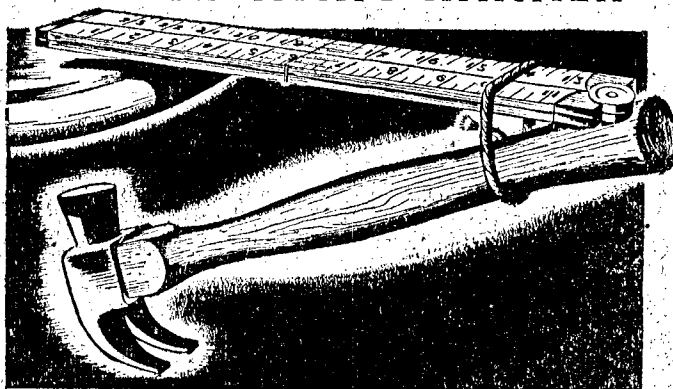
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TRICK TIME for Rowntree's Gumsters

THE FLOATING HAMMER



Here's a trick that will keep your friends guessing! The hammer floats in mid-air balancing a ruler. The secret is that the heavy head of the hammer is centred underneath the point where the ruler rests on the table. If you use a folding ruler the hammer will keep it taut at the hinge and mystify your friends even more.

Arrange your hammer and ruler like this, tying them with a loop of string as shown. This string turns the hammer into a lever which pushes up the outside end of the ruler and prevents it from folding at the hinge. Now stand away—and show your audience that the hammer really is floating.

*Idea! One tube of Rowntree's Fruit Gums will last all Saturday including pictures in the morning and cricket in the afternoon. What a wizard 2d. worth!



Actual tube is much larger.

THE BRAN TUB

UPS AND DOWNS

The fat man was teasing the small lift-boy.
"You're rather small to be running a big lift like this," he said.

"Yes," replied the lift-boy. "The only reason I got the job is because the rope kept breaking with the heavy chaps in it."

The fat man now walks up the stairs!

Tiring Work

A CRAZY old man from the shires,
Found several old bicycle tyres.
He filled them with water,
Then said to his daughter,
"Now use these for lighting the fires."

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Germander Speedwell

In spring and early summer the pretty little blue flowers of the Germander Speedwell are a common sight. This lowly plant, the stems of which often creep along the ground, is sometimes wrongly called Forget-me-not. Germander Speedwell flowers have four blue petals, surrounding a white circle, giving the appearance of tiny eyes. A local name for the plant is Cat's Eyes. The dark green, hairy leaves are oval, their edges being indented like a saw's teeth. They are stalkless and grow opposite each other in pairs.

Yorkshire Place Names

Hidden in the following verse are the names of eight Yorkshire towns. Can you find them?

In single file young rabbits jump
And skip to nearby grassy clump.
Sweet lambkins trip on magic toes,
Fat oxen settle down to doze.
A damsel by the flower patch
Twines red carnations in her sash,
Gaily the birds sing, all's serene,
The kirk's tall spire completes the scene.

Answer next week

Jacko and Adolphus Double Up



Jacko was preparing for an afternoon snooze when Adolphus turned up.

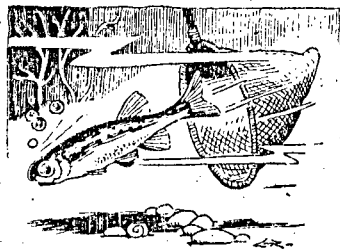
TOO MUCH TO BEAR

The Polar Bear looked very blue. As he sat in his cage at the London Zoo.
"I'm used to snow," said Polar Bear.
"And here there is not anywhere a place that's cool enough to bear—
Just a lukewarm pond or a stuffy lair.
The human folk think sunshine grand.
For they've not come from an ice-cold land.
Yet even the heat would not make me sad.
If a child didn't insult to injury add.
By standing in front of my sweltering home.
Noisily sucking an ice-cream cone!"

The Weigh to Do It

Derek was being examined for a life-saving certificate.
"You say you can carry 80 pounds?" said the examiner.
"What would you do if the person weighed 160 pounds?"
"Make two trips," Derek replied.

NET RESULT



Tommy doesn't fret
When chivvied with a net;
The little boys get wet
But they haven't caught him yet!



And proceeded to make himself "very comfortable, thank you."

Word Building

HERE is a little catch in word-making. Place 15 straight strokes side by side as shown here. The problem is to make a word of seven letters with the addition of only five more strokes.

Answer next week

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Mischievous Magpies. "I saw seven Magpies on a tree," chanted Ann.
"There are nine," contradicted Don, counting the long-tailed, glossy-plumaged, black and white birds, as they hopped and fluttered around the hedgerow.
"Five for silver, six for gold, and seven for a secret that's never been told," shouted Ann, who had ignored Don's interruption.
"You've scared them away," complained her brother.
"That's doesn't matter much," said Farmer Gray, overhearing Don. "Magpies eat grain, fruit, young chickens, and ducklings, besides robbing other birds' nests. True they destroy rats, mice, and various insects. Actually their virtues just about balance their sins."

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, June 8, to Tuesday, June 14.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Ball of Wool—a story. 5.15 The Flight of a King (Part 1). North, 5.0 Nursery Sing-Song: A Surprise for Miss Posset. Books Worth Reading. Scottish, 5.0 Bird Songs. 5.15 Songs and Dances of Scotland.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Robin Hood (Part 1). 5.30 The Would-be-Goods (6). North, 5.30 Commonwealth Affairs; Incidental Music. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 The Ruabon Girls' Grammar School Choir.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Daft Days (1). 5.30 Songs; The Orloff Diamond. North, 5.0 Biggles in the Jungle (2).

SATURDAY, 5.0 The Three Semis; Matilda Mouse; Puzzles Programme. Midland, 5.0 Midland Magazine; A Bobby Brewster Story. North, 5.0 Livingstone, My African Weaver Bird; The Three Semis; Puzzles Programme. West, 5.0 Clara Chuff (9); Norman Brooks Sextet; A Story.

SUNDAY, 5.0 A Coventry Girls' Choir; Tobias and the Angel—a Bible story. North, 5.0 Scenes from Richard II.

MONDAY, 5.0 This Week's Programmes. 5.5 A Story. 5.15 Regional Round. North, 5.0 Nursery Sing-Song; Story; Fred Perry on Tennis.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Erasmus Goes to School; Songs. 5.25 Cowleaze Farm. North, 5.0 Music Quiz; Current Affairs. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

The Children's Newspaper, June 11, 1947

NO COMPLAINTS

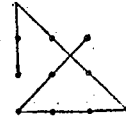
AUNTIE: What is your favourite school subject?
Billy: Psychology.
Auntie: But surely they don't teach that at your school?
Billy: No; that's why it's my favourite subject.

Beheading

I AM a weapon, sharp and long;
Behead me, and a fruit appears.
Behead again, and what is left
Is that by which a person hears.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
Straight to the Point

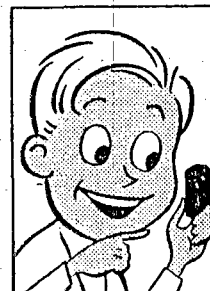


LATEST UP
AMATEUR L
BEAN BA
BAR EMIT
BURNT ORE
EDDA ODD
AD LAME N
REX TERSE
OD RENNET

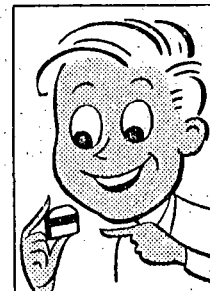
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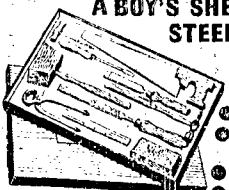
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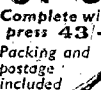
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